

## 3 + 1 + 1 Harringrove by endgamehale

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**Summary:**

the 3 times Steve thinks Billy is beautiful + 1 time he says it to him  
+ 1 Billy says it back

## 3 + 1 + 1 Harringrove

### Author's Note:

hello am back. i wrote this at 5 am

1.

The first time Steve notices how beautiful Billy is, is the first time he meets him. Now, he's never really been into men. Much. Now, though? Is he even into girls? The boy must have been handcrafted by the gods. His hair was a curly, unruly mess on his head, with some messy stray strands of hair falling into his eyes. Speaking of which, had to be the prettiest shade of blue he's ever seen. Plus, the dude's got a jawline that Steve wouldn't mind cutting his hand on. And in the morning glow, he might even swear he's in love.

2.

The second time Steve notices Billy and his beauty, is in his second period history class. Billy is sitting one seat in over and in front of him, giving Steve the perfect angle to lurk at. Which he takes to the very fullest advantage. Right now, as they're learning out some dead people or the government or something, Billy is *sucking on a fucking pen*. His lips were wrapped around the tip of lip, his brow was furrowed, completely focused on the textbook in front of him. Billy, surprisingly, was very good in school. He payed attention in class and got really good grades (hot) (he asked max). Anyway, the light was shining in from the windows, cascading onto Billy's face and making him glow. He looked like an angel. Billy dwindled with his pen, dragging it across his bottom lip and slipping back into his mouth, biting the tip. Steve thought it would be impossible to get fucking hard while having to listen to history, and he's never been proved more wrong.

3.

They're on their way home from a basketball game, and the sun is just setting. It was a rough one, but the win had been amazing. All thanks to the new star, Billy. God, he was fucking amazing on the

court. When he was in the game, there was no stopping him. He was intent to win no matter what happened. Steve wasn't complaining. The ride home hadn't been very loud, even though they had won. Billy was asleep in the seat across from him, his long lashes curled, mouth slightly ajar, and nose peaked up. It was fucking adorable, and Steve wished he could 1. play with Billy's hair and 2. take a picture to make it last 3. kiss his fucking lips. Okay, Steve was a little gay for him. One day, Steve would get ballsy enough to say something. Even if he got the shit beat out of him.

+1

Billy's mouth Steve's. As in, kissing. On the mouth. They had been partnered up for a project, their final for history. Billy came over to Steve's to work, maybe mess around in the pool or something. They'd been friends for a while, and hung out pretty often. So, how did they end up here? They'd been swimming in the pool, even though it was only like 10 degrees outside (because the pool was heated) and Steve had dunked Billy's head into the water. When Billy had popped up, laughing so hard Steve thought he might choke, is when he made his move. After Billy had calmed down, Steve reached out to his to touch the blonde's face, moving hair that had fallen into his eyes.

"Billy," Steve found himself whispering for no reason, other than the fact that it seemed the most appropriate.

"Yeah?" Billy was whispering now, too.

"You look really beautiful right now." This, is where Steve found himself leaning in, lips grazing Billy's.

"Thank you, Steve," and their lips touched. It was slow and sweet until Steve had decided to tug on Billy's hair, making him let out a small moan. With this, Steve was able to sneak his tongue in.

"S-steve s' fuckin cold. Can we move this inside?"

+1

As soon as they had moved into the house, Billy had pushed himself onto the brunette, hands on his hips, lips forcing their way into his

mouth. It was messy, teeth on teeth, tongue somewhere in the middle of it all. As they stumbled into Steve's bed, he may have let out a whimper when Billy decided to pull his mouth away from his, instead moving down to his neck, sucking and nipping at the skin.

"Jesus, fuck Billy. You gunna leave marks?"

At this, the blonde pulled his head up with a grin on his lips, which were all fucked up and cherry red.

"Yeah, they all gotta know you belong to someone, princess."

He gave Steve a quick peck on the lips before moving down onto his chest, licking down the middle of it, biting his hipbones.

"You've got- uh- thing for biting, huh?"

"Are you complaining?" Billy pulled down the bottom's boxers, sucking on his inner thigh for emphasis.

"Hng, no, god no." At this, the blonde made a happy hum, and put his mouth on Steve's dick.

Sure, Steve had IMAGINED what it would look like, but could never see anything like this. Billy's lips were stretched around his length, blue eyes staring up at Steve's reactions. Without realizing, two of Billy's fingers had made their way to Steve's lips, tapping twice for him to open. He complied, sucking the fingers in his mouth and rolling his tongue around them, making them as slick as he could. Billy popped off his dick, ignoring Steve's whine.

"Fuck, baby. You're such a good boy." This, embarrassingly enough, made Steve's dick twitch like nothing else.

Billy flipped Steve onto his stomach.

"You like bein a good boy, huh Stevie?" Steve twitched again, letting out a moan.

"Fuck, yes Billy."

"Good, baby. That's good."

As Billy said this, Steve felt the blonde's fingers teasing his hole.

"You want my fingers in you? You wanna be stretched?"

"Please," Steve moaned "I wan' it."

"Alright, I'll take real good care of ya."

Billy started off with one finger, and then two, stretching Steve slowly, biting his ass when he felt like it. He could feel Steve growing impatient, thoughts confirmed when he heard a low "Are you going to put your fucking dick in me or am I going to have to finish myself?" from the bottom.

"Alright, alright. I gotcha."

Billy moved himself from his stomach to his knees, pulling Steve up along with him. hands and knees. He started with just the tip, slow and sure, until Steve backed his ass onto his dick, hissing.

"Jesus, Steve. You're fucking tight." Billy heard a moan in response, and began to thrust slowly until Steve decided to become impatient again, and push back.

"Billy, I'm not going to break. Would you please just fuck me?" Upon hearing this, he decided to show no mercy. He pounded relentlessly, fueled by Steve's wanton moans and cries. His boy was amazing.

"Billy, m'close. Oh god, m'close." He wrapped his hand around Steve's cock, sliding it up and down, flicking his wrist. He himself was getting close, thrusts becoming uneven and moans growing louder. Steve begins to twitch under him, crying out his name over and over. It's the most beautiful thing He's ever fucking heard. Steve's cum spills onto his hand, hole clenching around Billy's dick. This is what pushes him over, eyes rolling to the back of his head as he fills his princess, falling on top of him. When he finally gets the strength to pull himself up. There's such a sight to see. Steve in on the bed, still ass up, sprawled out with a pink tint across his whole body.

"Jesus, Stevie, you look beautiful."

**Author's Note:**

i feel like the smut got kind of shitty at the end im  
srry :( it's been a long ass time! hope u enjoyed